

# *Vox Collegii*



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE  
WHITBY, ONTARIO



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*Vox Collegii*

Presented by  
THE YEARBOOK COMMITTEE

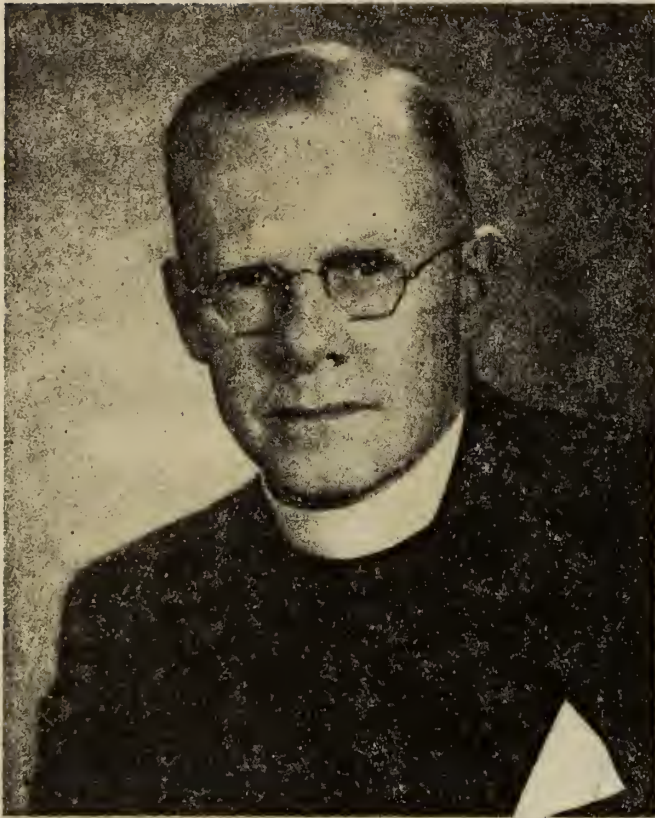
1959











DR. S. L. OSBORNE

I salute the students of '58-'59 with much pleasure. My hope is that you have found this one of the most valuable years of your lives. Living together has many opportunities, and those of you who have reaped its harvest and at the same time have learned out of the crucible of experience how to discipline your energies and direct your thoughts into noble channels have achieved what many strive for but never gain. I have observed that far too many people go about knocking on doors without entering to feast upon the wonderful preparations inside. What a pity! For life has so much to give us, if we will but accept.

A few of you leave our halls this year for institutions of higher learning. A German poet has expressed a wish that I shall now set down for you:

Was willst du heute sorgen  
Auf morgen?  
Der Eine  
Steht allem für;  
Der gibt auch dir  
Das Deine.  
Seit nur in allem Handel  
Ohn Wandel.  
Steh feste.

It says: "Why worry today about tomorrow? There is One who controls everything; He will give you your share too. Be unwavering in everything you undertake. Stand firm." Indeed, that has a message not only for graduates, but for all of you who stand up in your place in the world.

Finally, let me commend the courage of the Editor and her Committee for their resolve to produce their own magazine this year. I am sure they will pioneer the way for others who follow.

S L Osborne



MRS. S. L. OSBORNE

This has been a unique year for me. Mrs Bird and I have felt a great challenge in being asked to act for one year as Assistants to the Dean, when that has meant that we had to carry on without a Dean. We want to thank you all for your co-operation.

I give my greetings to all who leave our School this year, and want you to know we at Ontario Ladies' College will follow you with interest wherever you go. We hope you will often return to visit your Alma Mater.

Mencius said: "Those who follow that part of them which is great are great men, and those which follow that part of them which is little are little men." My closing message to you all would therefore be: Follow that part of you which is great!

Florence Osborne

## EDITORIAL

Ontario Ladies' College has done much, and continues to do much, to provide good educational advantages for girls. It has been said this is a man's world, but the world is now becoming more and more a women's world. Women can now be found in many different fields, such as medicine, education, literature, and even agriculture. OLC endeavours to set before its students a vision of noble living.

This year we did not have a Dean, but we did have two very capable Assistant Deans, who did a wonderful job. Wires were crossed occasionally, but everything was always straightened out to our liking. Next year we will have a new Dean - Mrs Heard - and we wish her the best of success. We are quite sure she will love and appreciate OLC as much as we do.

Ontario Ladies' College is not only a school for academic learning, but a school where girls learn to live with one another in harmony. They learn little helpful things that stay with them throughout their lives and help them wherever they may go.

The rising costs of printing necessitated a change in the printing of our school magazine. We have used our new Roneo Electric and for a first attempt we think we have done well. To have managed the entire venture was a new experience for us, but everyone worked well. Our office secretary, whom we thank most sincerely, has done all the typing. Your committee is responsible for the arrangement of all the pages and the general design. We have learned much, and hope the committee next year will benefit by our mistakes.

On behalf of myself, the Staff of Vox Collegii, and the student body as a whole, I want to thank Dr Osborne and the Faculty for the patience they have shown and the guidance they have given us through the year, 1958-1959.

THE EDITOR



# The Editorial Committee, 1959

EDITOR . . . . . Elizabeth Bell-Smith  
ASSISTANT EDITOR . . . . . Mary Bryans  
ADVERTISING . . . . . Mary Bryans  
SOCIAL EDITOR . . . . . Gail Smith  
SPORTS EDITOR . . . . . Jody Bowle-Evans  
PHOTOGRAPHY . . . . . Mary Jo Telford  
                                                June McKelvey  
                                                Sandra Stanway  
ARTIST . . . . . Donna Marchyn

Portraits and graduate

photographs . . . LeRoy Toll, Toronto

Faculty Adviser . . . . . Mrs. I. P. Aylsworth



THE FACULTY







EVELYN SUNTER, Kingston  
Senior Matriculation, Carter House

Ev, our May Queen, '59  
Rings the bell when we're in line,  
As President of the Senior Class,  
She was a most efficient lass  
Full of humour, but practical too,  
She always helped to pull us through.  
Seeking for a life at sea,  
A nurse for sailors she will be.

FRANCES ANDERSON, Ottawa  
Senior Matriculation, Maxwell House

Frannie is off to Kingston next year  
To try her hand at a nursing career.  
Her musical voice can be heard on the halls.  
Her Santa Claus outfit smells of mothballs.  
Class Treasurer, she holds our money with care;  
And fights off the borrowers as she tries to be fair.  
We wish Fran good luck in her future vocation,  
As she may be found in your own location.



CATHERINE BAILEY Blackstock  
Music Major Carter House

On Lower Main there rooms a girl who's always having a  
ball.  
Her name is Catherine Bailey - she's the liveliest senior  
of all.  
She's the first one up in the morning and the last in bed  
at night;  
However this doesn't harm her for she's always cheery  
and bright.







ELIZABETH BRAIN, Hawkesbury  
Senior Matriculation Hare House

The tiniest room on Main Hall,  
Is just right for Liz who is small,  
When mail call comes through,  
We all can guess who  
Gets more than enough to feed all.

To McGill she will go in the fall,  
She may meet a man who is tall.  
We wish her success;  
And all that is best,  
A she conquers the wars of old Gaul.

ANN CHENOWETH, Peterborough  
Senior Matriculation, Maxwell House

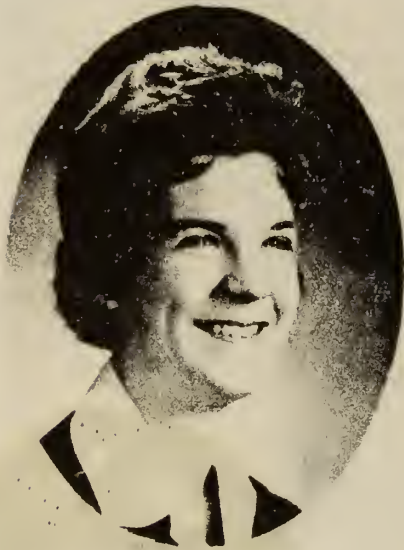
"Hurry up Maxwell, and get into line.  
Another housepoint? That's just fine."  
Our fair-haired captain excells in sports;  
Except when the zipper is out of her shorts.  
She's entering nursing in the London "Vic";  
We all hope she's not going to get sick.  
The patients she'll cheer with her bubbling laugh  
We know she won't annoy the staff.  
We wish her well in whatever she chooses  
We know she's not the kind who looses.



HELEN CHRISTIAN, Toronto  
Senior Matriculation, Hare House

Helen's the girl who's for Math inclined -  
But with Horace and Virgil much trouble she finds.  
Riding a horse and skating she likes;  
Last fall after school she went for long hikes.  
She brings our hall music which brightens our way,  
We wish her good luck, and joy on her way.





ELIZABETH ELMSLIE, Kitchener  
Senior Matriculation, Farewell House

This captain of green ties  
Has been a success  
A red head means business  
Will Farewell confess  
The password is Western  
And who wouldn't bet  
That a Rickochet romance  
Is in store for her yet.  
We all love our Liss  
And we wish her the best  
Look - she's off to the races  
And heading straight west.

CAROL HANSON, Waterloo  
Senior Matriculation, Hare House

Carol's so cute, so silent, so witty,  
You'll never hear her laugh or make up a ditty  
Her second time round  
She's had a great struggle -  
Her notes are piled high  
You clean up the rubble.  
No doubt you have guessed  
That most of it's true  
She's one of our best  
And Gene thinks so too.





NANCY HUGHES, Long Island  
Senior Matriculation, Carter House

Nancy's unique - I guess you all know  
Always available, but sometimes slow  
Except of course, when there's mail on the table  
But we shan't elaborate on that little fable.  
She's headed for Chatham in Pittsburg, P.A.  
We know she'll go a long long way  
But if she's lucky and gets the chance  
she will be co-partners with Niagara Finance.

MARION KAUMEYER, Chippewa  
Senior Matriculation, Carter House

Marion, a girl in Room 115,  
Has an interest in choir that's really keen.  
She curls her hair both day and night  
And sometimes studies while setting it right  
In English she'll major at McMaster next year  
She'll turn that campus right on its ear  
And when she is teaching her very own students,  
We know she'll do it with patience and prudence.





## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

This is Peter Burtonit reporting to you from the publishing division of the Daily Moon, in Cratersville. This is a special edition to report on the occupations and diversions of the lady people who left the hallowed walls of Ontario Ladies' College, situated on that nondescript planet Earth, some six years ago.

It is through the courtesy of one Frances Anderson that these ten people were able to take up residence in our fair planet, and enhance its barren fields and craters with their overwhelming beauty. Frances was the first human with the scientific capacity for creating a moon rocket to provide transportation. She is now locked up in her specially constructed laboratory (it has a sunlamp), working on a ship for the return journey.

Helen Christian has entered the wholesale grocery business with her partner of long standing, Friar Ross, and together they run a successful branch of the Dominion stores.

We are happy to announce that Elizabeth Elmslie and Catherine Bailey have set up an optical company, specializing in contact lenses, which seem to be in popular demand by our moon people.

Elizabeth Brain is making a name for herself with her "grey matter" rental incorporation. Every customer is guaranteed renewed intelligence at low cost, with no interest and no carrying charges.

Nancy Hughes, on her arrival, embarked on a campaign towards a higher degree of edification, but the stars at Hepingstals, one of our more picturesque locations, outshine her dream of a mortar board, and she is now living in wedded bliss with one Niagara Finance, investigator in their mortgaged home.

Ann Chenoweth, after an unsuccessful attempt at masterminding a "hot rocket racket," opened her own school of dance, so as to prevent all women people from the agony of having to endure the eternal two-step at any social functions.

Marion Kaumeyer works as a columnist for this publication, and has been extremely successful in her first-hand reports on the scandalous lives and loves of our entertainers.

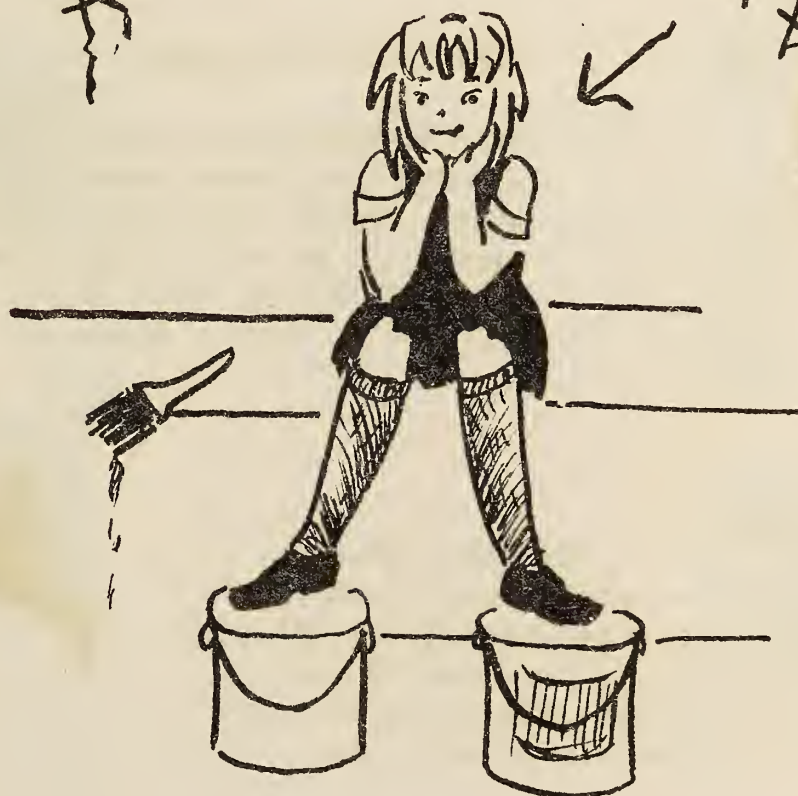
Evelyn Sunter is making remarkable progress towards being the first lady commodore of a submarine, and is being helped along the road to success by a close acquaintance who remains anonymous.

We have the opportunity of having among us a most promising young physiotherapist, Carol Hanson. Even though Carol spends long hours with her patients, she can put on a broad smile. Why? Because one of her patients is a championship skier, who makes frequent calls for muscle tone-ups.



# CLASSES

AN ELEMENTARY



## JUNIOR CLASS



ELIZABETH BELL-SMITH

Brockville, Ontario

This book would have not been possible without Lizz-Bell's continuous struggle. We all feel she will make a wonderful nurse because she has done such a good job taking care of Margie and Betty all year.

JOANNE BOWLE-EVANS

La Tuque, Quebec

Our greatest mathematician and scientist is Jody. She plans to become a doctor but we hear from her room-mate that she faints at the sight of blood. She can easily be mistaken for Caesar on account of her short hair.



MARGARET BOLAND

Toronto, Ontario

Margie exhausts herself with the hula-hoop and therefore tends to sleep in the mornings. From this room many red faces appear and we wonder why Margie doesn't wait till this summer to get a tan, after all, she is going to Bermuda.

MARY BRYANS

Trenton, Ontario

Mary is the only one who manages "not to hear the bells" and has provided Grade XII with many a laugh. Have you unfolded your legs from the formal yet? Bon voyage Mary and best of luck at Neuchatel next year.





PAULA CROCKER

Wawa, Ontario

Polly intends to be a nurse but we think she will end up swabbing decks. She has made a fine Hare House captain and we must admit she should receive the first prize for the original mail - a grass skirt from Hawaii.

PATRICIA DUNHAM

Pickering, Ontario

Pat spends her holidays in the sunny south, returning with a marvelous tan which makes us all envious. She plans to graduate here next year and then her choice is Teacher's College.



PATRICIA FOWLIE

North Carolina

Pat's a capable girl and she has shown this in her scholastic work as well as Vice-President of our class. She is the only one we know, who likes to visit an aunt frequently in Kingston. See you next year!

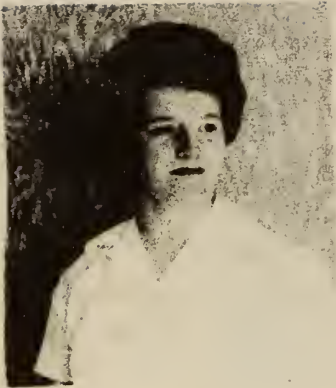
CAROL JOHNSTON

Montreal, Quebec

"Auntie" Carol was well acquainted with our brother school and was chosen Queen of their Formal. Maxwell's sports captain spent the first part of her year with "writers cramps". We also hear from her that the walls of her room have ears. Carol will remain in her native city, Montreal next year.







### ROSEANNE LAKE

Fortune, Newfoundland

Roseanne hopes to be a member of our senior class next year. She has shown this year a friendly smile for everybody and all of us think she will make an excellent secretary, she loves to work in the office.

### PATRICIA LINSELL

Punto Cardon, Venezuela

Organizing the sports for Hare House has kept Pat quite busy, but her main endeavour has been inventing tactics to use on her St. Bernard. She plans to take a Secretarial Science Course.



### THAIS MacDONALD

Sudbury, Ontario

Thais is the "Chanteuse" of Lower Fran and demands attention by saying: Sh! Sh! Listen girls, listen! Thais is off to Teacher's College next year.

### DONNA MARCHYN

Sao Paulo, Brazil

As our art editor of the yearbook, Donna has been kept busy all year making posters. She wishes there were "Les" work since she is also an ambassador to Pickering College.







### ANDREA MAZZOLENI

Toronto, Ontario

Andrea's favorite day is Wednesday because she has a chance to display her enthusiasm for Speech Arts. Her plans for next year are indefinite, but we wish her the best of luck.

### JANE McCONNELL

Toronto, Ontario

Things have been "super" for Jane this year and by this we mean she just couldn't be found at the school on the weekends. She is vice-president of the Student Council and the strongest supporter of our dances as she ran a blind-date bureau. Best of luck in nursing Jane.



### JUNE McKELVEY

Noranda, Quebec

June was Queen of our formal and this suited her perfectly because she has an interest in "Queens". With her friendly attitude and pleasing smile, we are sure she will succeed in everything she does.

### KATHLEEN MOORES

Cartwright, Labrador

By some "FORCE" Katie manages to laugh at the wrong moments but is strongly supported by the club in room 147. Whatever happened to those seven dates for the Formal? No one seems to know.





## HEATHER MUNRO

Toronto, Ontario

Our A.A. prefect, Hedy has done a very good job this year. Lately she has been interested in "blue bells" and this undertaking has kept her quite busy. Hedy plans to return as head-girl next year. We wish her luck.

## MARY NEWBERRY

Trinidad, B W I

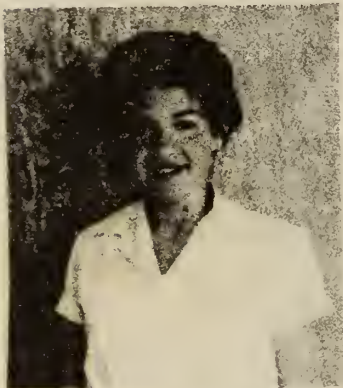
As secretary-treasurer of the S.C.M. Mary spends her time counting the funds. She plans to be a Veterinarian and this is shown by the utmost care she lavishes on her two turtles.



## IRENE PENNACCHIOTTI

Caracas, Venezuela

Irene was the Junior Class President and the success of this class was mainly due to her efforts, including our first class party. She finds Nassau alluring and likes "Terry" cloth as a result. She may go to McGill next year but we feel she would mean a great deal to our senior class.



## LINDA SILVERTHORNE

Toronto, Ontario

Before you notice Linda you notice her nails. Even though she plans to become a nurse, she shows great abilities as a manicurist. She exercises daily to music and constantly says "Oh, you kids, I've just got to go on a diet."





GAIL SMITH

Shawville, Quebec

Smithy is a good social editor for she managed to be in all the affairs this year. What would she have done with the Shawville news and without "a" Sunday visitor, but she has kept the post office so busy that our suggestion is she help them out for a while.

BARBARA SOUTHERN

Barrancabermeja, Colombia

Our capable head-girl has done a good job this year considering she had another "steady" occupation. We think she must be quite wealthy by now, since she has threatened to charge a cent per pound to anyone using her scales. She plans to be a senior here next year.



LYNN STEWART

Moncton, New Brunswick

What's in Linnie's third drawer? We hear she has been collecting items for her trip and we all hope our "old buddy" won't become too continental. We hope she returns in time to attend Ryerson next year.

JUDITH STEWART

Kitchener, Ontario

Judy served as vice-president of the A.A. We need not "add" a "Mike"raphone to her many souvenirs for she has managed to laugh and giggle, keeping the housemother on her toes ..... outside her room. Lots of success.







JOAN STINSON

La Salle, Quebec

Stinsy is not complete without her camera, they seem to be everywhere together. As a result she has managed to capture us in many an embarrassing moment. How about writing a tune to your favorite saying "Oh Christmas" to play on your guitar?

BARBARA WATSON

Hamilton, Ontario

"Bosh" was Lower Fran's chief hairdresser, stamp-lender, and record-collector. On general weekends she ran a tourist home and we have heard many tales of the good times had there. Next year will find her back at O.L.C.



BETTY WHITE

Bermuda

Our president of the S.C.M., Betsy has done a splendid job this year, considering Oshawa is so near . . . . . She has kept the switchboard busy all year and Lower Fran would like her to have her own phone.



FRONT ROW

KATHIE MOLLENHAUER, Toronto	LAURA NORMAN, Nfld.
"I'll have to"	"Oh! I don't believe you"
PAT CAMPBELL, Elgin	LINDA REID, Ajax
"You're kidding"	"Stop your grouching"
JUDY WOLFE, Quebec	SANDRA STANWAY, Toronto
"Diggy Diggy?"	"I'm stuffed"
SHARON CLARK, New Liskeard	WENDY WACKID, Ottawa
"That's a panic."	"Wha' for?"

PAMELA EARLE, Whitby

"Oh, my gosh"

MIDDLE ROW

AGNES FROHLINGER, Troy	RETA CHEGAHNO, Wiarton
"Does this look too tight?"	"Not really"
DIANE ABERNETHY, Toronto	BAIBA ZELMENIS, Toronto
"Hand me that rolling-pin."	"I'm just sick"
ROSEMARY LAWSON, Galt	DONNA ROWLAND, Brockville
"Fool"	"Really you guys"
MARY SANDERS, Jackson's Pt.	DIANE PENNACCHIOTTI, Venezuela
"Mary, you're growing"	"I don't know"

BONNIE HOOKER, Oshawa

"You know what?"

BACK ROW

ANN CASEY, Oshawa	MARILYN HODGSON, Bradford
"Graham! Graham!"	"Uh! What do you say?"
SANDRA CLARKE, Oshawa	MARY-JO TELFORD, Malton
"Oh! That's a riot"	"That's really a sad case"
ANNE McORMOND, Mattawa	PHYLLIS DOWLING, Bermuda
"You kids are so mean"	"It was just ghostly!"
LYNNE CASHELL, Ottawa	LORNA CANE, Belleville
"New York's for him"	"She's so cute"

JOAN ADAMSON, Toronto

"I'm so embarrassed"



FRONT ROW

GAIL KAVANAGH, Quebec

"And all that jazz"

CAROL HALL, Toronto

"But Barb, you know the army is better!"

SONJA ROBINSON, Bermuda

"Oh yes - I see now"

BARBARA TURCOT, Ottawa

"Who me? Ah, I like the Navy"

MIDDLE ROW

JANENE AUSTIN, Colombia

"Ooo, I'd like to rake a ride with a Big Canoe"

DIANA LAZARUS, Honduras

"But Mrs Osborne, why can't I go to

Lorraine's?"

SANDY CONANT, Grimsby

"Mm, I'm in an ichy mood"

PAMELA CAINE, Oakville

"I'm getting the hairy eyeball again"

BACK ROW

PETRA VON FESTENBERG, U.S.A.

"But Mrs Carley the bell doesn't

ring in the bathroom."

LORRAINE BIG CANOE, Lake Simcoe

"Don't be silly!"

MARY JANE MAGUIRE, Clifford

"Well if that's the way you feel

about it."

LYNNE WELLINGTON, Colombia

"Hilarious!"

SANDY CARTER, Lakefield

"A good wind BLEW ETT in my direction"

GALE LEGERTON, Toronto

"By cracky, someone scuffed my

shoes."

ABSENT

DOROTHY VUJANICH, Quebec

Lack of sleep and early lights





FRONT ROW

MIRIAM ANKA, New Jersey	DOROTHY ELSIE, Highland Creek
"Oh! I'm so embarrassed"	"How Stunned"
CAROL NEWSON, Lakefield	LINDA LAZARUS, Honduras
"We're getting the hairy eyeball"	"Oh baby - that's what I like"
SANDRA CLARKE, Sudbury	
"I'll say"	

MIDDLE ROW

VICTORIA STEWART, Manitoulin Island	MIDGE EDWARDS, Nicaragua
"Any one wanna go for a walk?"	"Mail from the wrong people"
JUDY MASON, Toronto	DONNA CAMPBELL, Colombia
"Man dig that crazy beat!"	"Anyone got any food?"
MARILYN MAXWELL, Walter's Falls	
"I don't know"	

BACK ROW

JANET COVENTRY, Toronto	ANN PENICKA, Oshawa
"Forget it"	"Well golly"
ELIZABETH NEWMAN, Dunbarton	SHARON CLARKE, Sudbury
"Is it Friday yet?"	"It's not for me to say"
LESLIE SNELGROVE, Toronto	GAYE WILLIAMSON, Lindsay
"I'll never tell"	"I'm sick"
	ANN DAY, Gananoque
	"May I borrow?"



FRONT ROW

ROSEMARY CHAPMAN, Pickering	MARJORIE MAXWELL, Walters Falls
Doesn't like getting up so early	Tidying her room.
LESLIE ORMSTON, Blair	HEATHER GORDON, Oshawa
Study Halls too long	Taking her medicine

MIDDLE ROW

GUSTA REISBERG, S. America	CAROL ROGERS, Greenwood
No mail	Not enough Sundays
MARY FOTIUK, Kapuskasing	DONNA O'DELL, Toronto
Swimming	Why did there have to be a Navy?

BACK ROW

SUSAN BERRY, Kingston	LINDA THORTON, Kapuskasing
I'm too fat	Digit system
JANE SCHOFIELD, Sarnia	MARGARET WITHERSPOON, Manchester
Not enough general weekends	Washing dishes at home
HELEN BURNS, Dunnville	
Too many postcards	

ABSENT

MARGARET NEWMAN, Dunbarton  
Late buses



# PET PEEVES

# ELEMENTARIES



## FRONT ROW

ELIZABETH MACLEOD, Oshawa Social Studies      BARCLAY-JANE GREY, Pickering Homework

JILL LAMBERT, U. S. A.  
Science

## MIDDLE ROW

JUDY LAMBERT, U.S.A.  
Literature

SUSAN READ, Whitby  
Spelling tests

ANN McKINNON, Toronto  
Why can't I be in Grade 8

MYRNA LAZARUS, Honduras  
Practising music

ANN CARLEY, Whitby  
Getting us up so early

## BACK ROW

CHERYL SACKETT, Whitby  
Mathematics

ELIZABETH GUZMAN, S. America  
Getting up too early

CAROLINA REISBERG, S. America  
Getting dressed up

BERTA REISBERG, S. America  
Lights out at 9 o'clock





MAY  
DAY

1  
9  
5  
8



# ORGANIZATIONS







YEAR BOOK STAFF



STUDENTS' COUNCIL





EXECUTIVE OF S. C. M.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION





ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE CHOIR



# SPORTS







JUNIOR BASKETBALL



SENIOR BASKETBALL





JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL



## SPORTS REVIEW

Baseball inter-house competition began the race for the A.A. shield with a few arguments on all sides that served to brighten the game. As amateur baseball players, the most capable of all houses proved to be Hare House which now took the first lead in the race for the A.A. shield.

Bad weather did not contribute to the success of Field Day but proved to be rather a 'party-poopers', as agreed by all contestants in the events of that day. The A.A. laments the fact that they are unable to regulate the weather. However, along with the enthusiasm of the school, the capable direction of the A.A., and last but not least, the participation and concern of Miss Bellman and her crew, Field Day was not entirely unsuccessful.

The winners were:

Senior - Thais MacDonald and  
Ann Chenoweth

Intermediate - Petra Von Festenberg and  
Mary Sanders

Junior - Judy Wolfe

Juvenile - Donna Campbell

Carter House had the most points.

Both our volleyball and basketball teams were beaten by Whitby but were 100% successful against other teams. The games against Albert College were treats, and I think that I am no exception amongst the students in wishing for other such treats.

Synchronized swimming under Mrs Roblin proved interesting and brought rich rewards on May Day. The swimming meet was also very successful.

The winners were:

Senior - Ann Chenoweth

Intermediate - Wendy Wackid

Junior - Lorraine Big Canoe

Juvenile - Ann Carley

May Day preparations filled in our daily schedule too well at times but our efforts were not in vain. The weatherman forecast rain for May Day, but, as usual, sunny skies prevailed and the pessimists of O.L.C. were taught a lesson.



Many thanks to Mrs Hallpike, Mrs Roblin, Heather and the A.A. for a successful year in sports. However, I cannot omit to say that as much credit belongs to the students or participants, for what is a teacher without his pupils?

Jody Bowle-Evans  
SPORTS EDITOR

\* \* \*

P. T.

The bell at last its gong does strike,  
And out of the classroom we dash, smack into Mrs Hallpike  
"Please girls," says she, "show some decency.  
I pray, don't undress in front of me."  
Blouses unbuttoned and shoes undone, we finally reach the john,  
Where, of course, who should we meet but Mrs Osborne and Ron.  
"Where are my shorts, my T-shirt's not here, my shoes cannot be  
found."  
"Hurray, room-mate, you may lend mine, remember-yours are in the  
pound."  
Still madly dressing, shoes undone, we make a dash for the gym.  
"Late again," shouts Mrs Hallpike, "Oh dear, shall I never win?  
Next time, should one of you be late,  
After school, I promise you, that with me you'll have a date."  
Then suddenly in loud refrain she shouts, "Squads, on the double."  
And scrambling we all line up, knowing delay would only mean trouble.  
In inspection, to Mrs Hallpike's questions, we reply,  
'All here, uniforms correct,' which is soon proved to be a lie.  
"How can that be?  
No shoes on thee  
And blue where white should be  
And you say that - is here.  
Can there be something wrong with me?  
Now, quickly girls, please squads 1 and 3,  
Some basketball I wish to see."  
So catches, jump balls, fouls galore  
Found basketball an endless war.  
Pooped we hear the welcome word,  
"Dismissed," she cries, and like a herd,  
We simultaneously make for the stairs  
Where pushing, shooing, and for those who dare,

A yell or two to see what fares.  
In our rooms into our mirrors stare  
A face; then creeps the hand to comb the hair.  
Fully clothed and in a huff,  
We all agreed we'd had quite enough.

Jody Bowle-Evans

\* \* \*

# LITERARY





### In the Month of May

May time is blossom time,  
In orchards and in woods;  
It's bird time and picnic time;  
and everything that's good.

May time is happy time  
When Spring flowers bloom;  
It's play time and test time  
With Summer coming soon.

Barclay-Jane Grey  
Grade V

\* \* \*

### The Price of Man

Pacing this trodden path to death I am mindful of past events  
of my thirty-three years.

My mother Mary, weeping there with consoling women, bore  
me in Bethlehem while paying tax in that city. Her pride was as great as  
if the inn stable of my birthplace were a palace. Does she now remember  
her growing son in Nazarus learning the trade of carpentry from her hus-  
band, Joseph? Could the days recur to her when I spent my time in  
the synagogue with the learned priests?

Where are those brethren I first called to join me? The  
teachings I offered to the multitudes were strengthened many times by  
those good men. Numerous miles they walked, questions they answered,  
throngs they quelled so that I could spread the word of my Father. Truly,  
they left their nets to become fishers of men.

The mourners here on the wayside now have healed limbs  
and clean minds. The Holy Spirit is among those whose grief for me is  
ponderous. If only each of them could tell another how the Lord used me  
to cure their ills.

I stand at the summit now. The burden of these people is  
shifting to my shoulders and I bow with the weight. My persecutors,  
rejoice.

Rosemary Lawson  
Grade XI

\* \* \*

Mine be a wish....

I want to forget faces and familiarities, suppress sounds, cut off communications, blot out brightness, crumble creations, end emotions and hide my haunts.

A golden hand touches my trembling heart. I want bells blaring out, sun streaming in, growth going forth, breath bursting my insides but mostly friendships filling my now-prepared heart.

Heather Munro  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

### Lover of the Outdoors

Everywhere one turns in this modern age, one is faced with the "lover of the outdoors"; a human creature seemingly on this earth for but one reason; that of inducing his fellow beings to take leave of their cosy abodes and their pet diversions, to tramp through the peaceful out-of-doors and admire nature's creations.

Gullible as we are, surely one soul could see through the true meaning of this practice, yet at one time or another we all answer this "call of the wild," and I too make an attempt to become a would be student of birdlore.

The previous day had been one of continuous monotony and I cowered at the dreaded thought of spending another similarly. I awoke suddenly to the rusty ring of my alarm and dressed quietly in what seemed to be a perfect outfit for such a venture, but which produced an effect of the inexperienced logger. My lunch having been packed in an old army knapsack, I avoided the hall mirror and crept into the study to scan the rows of books, finally deciding on a pocket sized piece entitled "You and the Birds." Once outside, I carefully checked the pocket compass, for although the grove was visible from the front porch, the act of reading the instrument lent to the hike an air of adventure, otherwise lost.

The wood was still, but for the early morning sounds of woodland creatures, and even as I stepped from the border of the clearing into the leafy maze filtering the sun's beams, a quietude settled upon my restless self. Sighting a comfortable looking cranny between two gigantic trunks, I unstrapped my knapsack and settled down and adjusted the binoculars for an afternoon of bird-watching. To my disappointment, crow after crow flew by, and a few even perched nearby, yet just as the sights would finally focus, off they flew, leaving me to begin adjusting again. So it continued, until my exhausted eyes tired of the game insisted upon watching each other. In hopes of correcting my methods, I took up "You and the Birds" only to find my "nature guide" was a torrid love story during World War I, and at the same time to discover that I was surrounded by an army of red ants preparing to attack. Somewhat abashed I decided to continue on to the bitter end, but the loss of my compass and a thorough dunking in a pool of stagnant water while searching for it changed my hasty decision. My patience having been tried to the danger point, and my mind being too exhausted; after working overtime, to enjoy the solitude of nature's offerings, I turned homeward carrying a most vile odor with me.

Though I have promised myself never to try such an escapade again, I resign myself to the fact that the cry of the "outdoor lovers" will send me, against my better judgement to the grove to attempt the ordeal of bird-watching once again.

Donna Marchyn  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

### "Passion"

"Passion" was a car. Yes, a beautiful, sleek black Model T Ford. Why the name, you ask? Because it left one shaken.

"Passion" was slow but sure; slow to start and sure to stop. Unfortunately she needed continual cranking, and the crank case stuck. The magnificent masterpiece bounded over gravel roads at the fantastic rate of twenty miles per hour until either the radiator dried up or the gas main plugged.



But "Passion" never failed to get you to where you were going even if you did arrive for your eight o'clock dinner date at eleven.

Mary Bryans  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

### Revenge

Why? Why did it have to happen? Why did fate finger me as its victim? You remember that tragic night, dear conscience; the night of the Brockville ball; the night upon which Sally Brockville was mysteriously murdered; the night that slapped my future into the mud.

The supernatural phenomenon began after my tenth sniff of brandy. I vaguely remember a vicious argument bellowing from the balcony. As I crept closer to eavesdrop, dear conscience, the accidental shove produced a blood-curdling cry and a blunt thud cadenced the echo.

The eerie apparition played upon my imagination. I ran: dear God only knows where I ran! The world ignored me and I ignored the world. Nothing seemed more immortal than life. The world ridiculed me, sneered and snickered but nevertheless I ran on.

What was I running away from, dear conscience? Was I too timid to face the facts? Was I that ignorant? You have betrayed me enough. I owe you nothing, not even this voluntary confession. So prepare, dear conscience. Tonight when I suffer torture, you will suffer torture. Tonight when I utter my last breath, you will utter your last breath. Tonight when I die, you too will die.

Sandra Stanway  
Grade XI

\* \* \*

### Forbidden Territories

The bulky shapes of the cargo boats, and slender masts of the schooners still blotted and streaked the gray canopy over the harbour. Little did I see or feel that late summer night though, except the heavy air about me.

A passing breeze cooled my fevered face, helping to clear my head, as I jogged doggedly on down the empty street.

At last the charcoal waters of the river confronted me, and I turned along a path on the bank, which was bearded with dry timothy grass and swaying bulrushes. A river-boat loomed up from the water, farther out; its smoke-stack and water-wheel etched against the darkening sky. The lads at the village school had informed me that the Mississippi Queen was the largest river-boat in use, and it would be sailing tomorrow for New Orleans.

A log under me, near the shore dipped, and threw me off balance with a splash. I huddled in the shadows under the bank, and hoped that the sailor on duty had not heard anything. Finally, dripping, I reached the dory, beached a few feet away.

Using one oar as a paddle, muffled with my shirt, I pushed out to the stern of the Mississippi Queen. The water-wheel was locked, so could not turn when weighted, so with jubilation, and yet caution, I silently clambered up the side; testing every paddle and projection before pressing my whole weight.

The moon had begun to rise, and it was nearly full. All the gray had drained from the sky, which now was almost indigo. I must hurry if I was not to be seen.

Feeling along the spray-lashed wood, I counted the cabin doors. My goal was in the third one from the right. At last my hand closed around the smooth, worn handle, softly turning it. After a little click, the door swung open, and before my eyes, in the faint moonlight, was the hook on which it hung. I crept quietly across the shifting floor.

I tried to hurry, as I thought the wind must have risen.

Snatching my prize, and running on tiptoe, I swung from the wheel, and gently landed in the dory. Under long, silent strokes, the little boat glided to the beach, and looking back, from the shadow of a willow, I saw only a lantern bobbing on board.

Triumphantly bearing my prize, I galloped onward, towards the village, laughing aloud as I passed the tavern where the crew of the Mississippi Queen was spending the evening.

The boys at school would no longer call me "that minister's son" with such contempt, when they saw that I had won their dare to swipe the river-boat captain's coat!

Mary-Jo Telford  
Grade XI

\* \* \*

### Young Ambition

I approached the front line of soldiers; gingerly stepping over the many bodies in my path. The deep, booming voice, shouting orders to detachments of his army, led me to my goal. Some sheets from my sheaf of paper blew up in my face, as I stumbled into a trench where some muddy, bedraggled men were leading a cannon. Excusing myself, I crawled forward my papers still shielding me from the rain of bullets.

The voice seemed to be coming from another direction now, so I turned and wriggled toward the sound.

At last I emerged from the muddy, bloody battlefield, stood up, and looked around me. A group, huddled in one spot, near me, attracted my attention. Pushing to the front of the crowd, I finally gazed on the strong, and warlike face of Montcalm. I began, stuttering, "Sir," but before going any further, a blanket was laid over the visage, and the men around me began to take off their hats. I was at a loss for words in my grief at the failure of my first interview.

Mary-Jo Telford  
Grade XI

\* \* \*



## A Motion

Breathing is a motion, ordinary, habitual and necessary. Up and down, up and down go your lungs and chest all day, all night. New air comes in and used air goes out, but this process is never, no not even once in a while reversed, and the whole operation offers no opportunity for development or expansion. Rather a boring, dull motion, don't you agree?

Heather Munro  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

## The Dentist Office

The day was dark and gloomy. The wind howled and the trees swayed like the shadows of death. Their outstretched branches seemed ready to carry me away, to save me from the fate I awaited.

My whole body shook as my eyes turned from the window and glared at the door which at any moment would open. It seemed as if I waited hours in the dismal room. I didn't want the time to come, but I thought "the sooner, the better!"

Finally, the door opened. A man in a white uniform led me into another more horrifying room. I was seated in a chair to which my hands gave a clenching grip. Above me was a huge iron machine which I thought could easily pick me up and throw me anywhere. On a nearby table sat many other steel instruments the look of which I dreaded.

The man smiled; I didn't know whether it was a friendly smile or a devil's smile. I was too terrified!

I put my head back on the chair and before I knew it my mouth was opened and the huge iron machine was shoved in. I held my breath. I was dumbfounded! I couldn't scream; I couldn't say a word!

The next thing I knew was that I was lying on a strange bed with a cold cloth on my head. I had fainted!

Apparently I only needed one tooth filled and it was finished before I realized it. It didn't hurt a bit!

I must say people sure do get some very strange ideas and it happened that I was the one who was bamboozled.

Marilyn Maxwell  
Grade IX

\* \* \*

### How Good is Your Common Sense?

Suddenly, as if I had been hurled into outer space, my body tingled and the blood rushed backwards through the tiny, bulging arteries. My heart beat like a trip hammer and sounded as though it would surely erupt and fall on the damp earth before me. Perspiration rolled into my eyes and blinded me momentarily. I could feel my back grow instantly cold, and a chill, like that from a slippery lizard, ran up the full length of it. I pictured a yellow stripe painted on my back. But what for? Was it only I who was to be afraid in such a position? What if it were another person here instead of me? Surely I had as much courage as any human could possibly be expected to have. How was it then that I condemned myself for it? It was a perfectly normal response! My knees were trembling and my stomach was twisting inside me, like a worm in a frying pan. Inside out, outside in. It felt as though fear were crawling up my throat, cutting my breathing into short, choking gasps.

Finally, I decided to do the only thing that could be done. In those few seconds my whole life's story flashed before me. Its characters, its rising action leading to.....to what? Was this the end of one of those characters? Was it possible that I was to leave by such an exit? Surely an actor would have smacked his lips and rubbed his eager hands if he were to have acted such a dramatic ending. What a tremendous exit for a hero! How the audience would cry, cheer, applaud; superb! colossal!

I could hear the roaring cheers in my ears grow louder and louder. I sprang forward, my hands oozing with sweat. I grabbed the ugly, sleek end of it and like a child whose small arms struggled to shake a rug, I snapped it high into the air. No good! The thick wriggling body

caught me across the mouth and wound around me. Down a small embankment I rolled, feeling my ribs being snapped into splinters as a match in the hands of a child. I lay there in that vice, feeling my life being squeezed out of me, breath, by breath.

Periodically the sticky warm blood being forced up from my stomach churned around my teeth and tongue as it rushed out between my cut lips.

As the trees and sky began to swim I thought how ironical, that the first remembered thing in my life was the sweet taste of fresh, warm milk, and the last, the sickening taste of my hot, curdled blood.

Thais MacDonald  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

Diets!

Diets, diets, diets, and still more diets! There's always one at your table who refuses everything and of course one who is always saying to a person across the room "Only one cupcake," or "How many did you have?" You could eat cupcake after cupcake. Sounds easy enough but there's always some string attached and this one, unfortunately, is money. Everytime you overeat you pay, so most stay slim.

To start with some of the seniors were on diets and some were not. There were some who, after the Senior Dinner, were seen jogging about on the driveway or doing exercises. As for our future seniors, well, to put it simply they're nearly all on diets. When preparing their table for the Senior Dinner someone asked, "Aren't we putting candy around?" The answer came back, "Of course not, we're all on diets!" The "little elementaries" could help out. Ah, for these care-free little people, never on diets, although I admit there are some who might profit by it. If one looked hard enough he could see extremely strict diets before the A. A. Formal. Could it be because we had gained weight since the last time we wore formals, or was it that we could still squeeze into them but were afraid that by the end of the dance the seams would split?

Well girls will be girls and every girl must have a figure, of some sort. After all isn't that the main means for catching one's mate?

Heather Gordon  
Grade XII

\* \* \*



## Inspiration

Have you ever had the experience of experiencing a blankness of the mind? I have.

She walked into the room at ten minutes past the hour of nine. Questions were flung at her in a disorderly fashion as to the course of former study. Ignoring these, she calmly stated that within the next hour and twenty minutes we were to hand in a literary masterpiece (so to speak) of our own choice and words.

I regard any literary masterpiece of my own choice and words or anyone else's as an abominable task and a great taxation of a certain part of one's brain.

I looked upon her with the eyes of someone who was doomed to be a failure and gazing around the room, my sorrowfilled eyes caught the sight of lowered heads and busy fingers.

Within the next forty minutes numerous literary masterpieces were begun and about four pages of paper were wasted. Desperation closed in on me and any former powers I had possessed flew to the winds.

When the closing bell rang, I was doomed until she said that the poor unfortunates who were not finished could hand in the papers the following week.

But --- as surely as I am sitting at my desk my brain is in very grave need of one small item --- inspiration.

Barbara Southern  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

## My Million Dollars

If I had one million dollars, I would do what no one else has ever done.

Some would make themselves martyrs by donating their wealth to a dozen organizations. That's one way, I suppose, of being elected to the presidency of all of them, but not me. I am the simple "follower"

type with no ambitions such as these. Therefore I do not want my million buying my ambition.

The ones that amuse me the most I suppose, are those typical "new-found wealth" millionaires who head for the First National and deposit one half of it and have the harassed teller put the rest into one dollar bills. With deep satisfaction at the thick feeling of their wallets, they proceed to the most exclusive stores to create an impression. Not me. The fewer people who look at me the better. So my million is not buying me impression.

There are various other types: the smarter ones who invest in companies from here to Prussia so that they can visit these places "to protect their interests," or to create more power for themselves but with these conceptions comes responsibility and who wants more of that than he is born with? My million is not buying me responsibility. I have enough.

Quite honestly, what the rest do is not in my knowledge as of yet. Besides I do not really know that many and any that I do, I would say fall into one of these categories ultimately. Oh, though I suppose there are still some who use the method of the sack in the bottom drawer and keep their money for a rainy day.

I am very sure that all these means of disposing of one million dollars are acceptable but also very common. I want to do something no one has ever done.

Now I see the light. I am living in a too far advanced society where everything has been done already so there is nothing left for me to do, is there?

Heather Munro  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

### Moment of Panic

The sea became peppered by a torrent of rain while we pitched and tossed from side to side in our tiny, almost invisible sailing vessel. The wind bellowed like a bawling tigress adding to the death-ringing



loneliness about us. The darkness was frightening. We became filled with fear, tense with panic.

The sun broke through into a clear, blue sky and we anchored safely.

Patricia Linsell  
Grade XII

### No Branch, No Leaf

The heavy brass door of the Kremlin clanged shut. Inside five men were deciding what the future of the world would be. The grizzled guard stood immovable outside the doors, as Cerberus before the gates of Hades behind which Pluto and his court are playing havoc at the cost of Olympus.

In the sound-proof panelled room, the air stank of Russian cigars, and throaty coughs burst into the smoke and distorted its serene curling. It seems ironic that smoke should curl serenely around the minds of those five men who planned, not serene peace but deadly war.

You may ask, what war? Well by this time we had survived the third world war and now in the year 1978 Russia planned to strike again. How, the populace of the world did not know, but somehow they would be destroyed, crushed like tiny ants beneath the feet of elephants. All would die, maybe a painless death, but Russia would have control of the world.

As the smoke curled in that room five men went over plans on the heavy mahogany table. Ordinary charts for war, a map with strategic positions marked but they were not the places that should be bombed. They seemed evenly spaced. They were not the teaching bases and capitals but far away, remote places.

The plan? Poisonous vapour. It killed humans but by inoculation the Russians were immunized. It was a wonderful thing. It even disintegrated the bodies afterwards, and it was all the X's plan. Bombs were planted in these possessions and with the raising of a hand and the pressing of several buttons the world would be Russian.

The time was nearing and soon the X would raise his finger and destroy millions. The people would not know what had happened and then "luxury."

At zero hour the buttons were pressed and the vapour began to do its work. Those in Russia who had not been inoculated dropped like flies and faded.

The task is now done and the Russians that are left are almost dead. Unfortunately when the vapour rose it killed all living things and now those few Russians that remain are fighting death. Before I die I leave this for any who come after us.

Name: Mr X

Occupation: None

Reason of Death: Starvation

Mary Bryans  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

### The Silver Moon

There is a silver moon  
Away up in the sky,  
It doesn't shine at noon  
But goes so swiftly by.

At night, we often see  
Before we go to bed,  
The moon between the trees  
High, high above our head.

Elizabeth Macleod  
Grade V

\* \* \*

### The Guilty Conscience

As I lay in bed, reviewing the day's events, I stared into the deep black of my room, as though I were probing to find the end of this eternal darkness that lay before me. As a young girl of six, I could not interpret the message that it seemed to be sending, and so excruciating was the thought of a non-existent relief that it brought large tears to my eyes.



As the tears rolled down my cheeks, they seemed to reflect the way to the light I sought, and silly as it seemed, it shone towards a 10¢ comic book carelessly flung on a chair.

So outstanding was this "Bugs Bunny" book that I had to "seek to find" what troubled me so. It took little "seeking" to "find" what actually had taken place. I had committed, to my utter amazement, a wrong which surpassed my wee understanding of the moral things of life. What I had done, that day, was to slip a comic in between a "Star Weekly's" pages I had bought for my mother. Thus I had not paid for it. Though at the time, I had felt no sense of wrong-doing, the message the darkness wished me to have suddenly seemed to lunge out and stab me square in the heart. So stunned was I, on discovering that I had actually violated the provincial law, and moreover the moral code of God, that I fell back on my bed whereas before I had got to a sitting position, and began to think out what I should do now.

Shortly, I slowly climbed out of bed, put on my shoes and socks and crept down the stairs, the "Bugs Bunny" comic in hand and in fear of my parent's discovering me. As luck would have it, I discovered that as usual, I had forgotten to hang up my coat and put my boots in the closet. These would have disclosed my actions to my parents had I had to fetch them. Rolling up my P. J. leg, I wondered at myself, and as I put on my coat and boots, I shuddered to think of my stupidity at stealing a comic.

Midnight was no time for a six year old kid to be walking or rather running the streets. Like any young child I was terrified and scared of the dark and when I finally reached home, after successfully returning the comic, I breathed a trembling sigh of relief, and literally fell into bed. Again I lay in bed, staring around the room --- but this time I did not see just the darkness but also the strains of light beaming through the window, silently filling my eyes, and dazzling my tears, which this time were of happiness. The firmament had broken to send me this God-sent light of goodness, now streaming through my very own window, to set me back on to the straight road of eternal peace and within the walls of salvation. As I fell into a deep slumber, my tiny heart swelled with praises of thanks to God for this great gift I had received and to which I attached such great significance.

Jody Bowle-Evans  
Grade XII

\* \* \*

## Good Evening Friends

This is radio station B00, -B00. The voice of the shrewd empire coming to you on the ghost to ghost network. Now we bring you the Casey Cosy Coffin Show. Casey's Coffins are the last to let you 'down. (Announcer coughs). Ok, pardon, my cough'n as you all know it wasn't the cough that carried her off, it was the coffin they carried her off in, a "Casey Cosy Coffin" of course! Casey Coffins are designed to fit any figure and we have a new style for 'mouldy mummies'. In A Casey Coffin you will find rest and peace and it will 'lower your spirits'. We have not been able to 'dig up' any unsatisfied customers. --And now a song from our quartette; Boans, Moans, Droans and Groans.

"John Brown's body lies a mould'n in the  
grave  
John Brown's body lies a mould'n in the  
grave  
John Brown's body lies a mould'n in the  
grave,  
Cause he didn't use a Casey Cosy Coffin."

Yes, my friends, 'when you are tired of work and toil, let Casey lay you 'neath the soil. We have a new coffin made especially for "The Gruesome Twosome." Drop in dead today at your nearest Coffin Shop. And now my friends we must leave you now as we have to attend to a small boy who was runover by a truck six weeks ago and I'm afraid if we don't attend to him soon he will be a 'spoiled child'.

Marilyn Maxwell  
Grade IX

\* \* \*  
Lilies

Down where the lilies grow,  
Of course they blow,  
Because it's May Day  
And May is always gay.

The air smells exciting,  
The sun's alighting  
The World below,  
Down where the lilies grow.

Cheryl Lynn Sackett  
Grade V

\* \* \*

## An Adventure of a Girl Guide

Carol MacKenzie boarded the crowded bus and took a seat. She was just returning from a meeting of the Girl Guides. A Soldier sitting beside her said, "A nice lot of badges you have there, Miss." "Thank you," replied Carol. Carol said she would really like to help in the war. The soldier said, "Sometimes we can help best right here at homes."

Suddenly the air raid siren stopped the chatting. All the lights of London went out. People hurried to the air raid shelter. The noise of the bombers became louder. Bombs were dropped. Carol had heard bombs dropping far off but never this close. A bomb shattered the bus. The noise of the bombers soon died away. All was silent. Carol came to. The smell of blood and people moaning was sickening. She looked around her. The soldier was lying in a corner. He was dead. Many people were pinned under the seats. The driver had been thrown out through the window and was lying on the road. She was dead. Carol gritted her teeth and set to work to stop the bleeding and give first aid until help arrived.

The next week at Guides as the medal was pinned on her uniform and all the Guides were standing up at attention, Carol was not thinking of the medal but what the soldier had said, "Sometimes we can help best right here at home."

Margaret Newman  
Grade VIII

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Toast to Faculty at Senior Dinner, April 18, 1959.

Mr Toastmaster, Mrs Osborne, Members of the Faculty and Staff, fellow students. Each year at this time we have an opportunity to thank the various people in the school for their contributions to the past year. It was my privilege and honour to be asked to propose the toast to the Faculty and staff who have successfully bullied us into the gentle paths of learning and thank them for all they have done for and to us during the year.

All of us are grateful to the teachers for the help and attention they have given so freely. In a small school such as this, with its vast amount of corridor space, meeting a teacher face to face seems unescap-



able at times. And she seems to have the kindly habit of always asking after overdue assignments as if she were asking after your health. But this personal contact between student and teacher, though it may at times seem a little overpowering, can be very valuable. A few minutes after school with a teacher may save a whole year which would otherwise have to be spent back in the same class.

When we returned to school in the fall we learned that there was no new dean and that Mrs Osborne and Mrs Bird were to act as Assistant Deans. Most schools would be severely handicapped in such a position but with two such capable ladies to take charge the lack of a dean is perhaps an advantage instead of a disadvantage. Certainly two people can make certain everyone signs the outbook more easily than one can, and two deans should be able to sign twice as many permissions as one.

I am sure we all wish to thank Dr Osborne for his untiring efforts to make this year a successful one. The seniors, in particular, are grateful for his warnings about how close exams are and his willingness to write confidential reports and to fill out forms about academic qualifications, although we sometimes hope he doesn't mention everything. I am certain that few listening to the broadcast Sunday realized all the work that had gone into its success. This is only one of the example's of our principal's painstaking labours on behalf of the school.

Lastly I should like to thank the staff for their work to assure the smooth running of the school. Without them chaos would reign supreme. Planning meals, which are compared with that ideal "the way my mother makes it," nursing invalids and sifting out those who aren't invalids, making reservations and having to change them when we change our minds, seeing that we get enough sleep but not too much, especially in the morning, -- it is hard for us to appreciate fully all that they do.

It gives me great pleasure therefore to propose that we all rise and drink a toast to the Faculty and Staff.

Elizabeth Brain  
Grade XIII

\* \* \*

## Reply to the Toast to the Faculty at the Senior Dinner

It is my privilege this evening to speak for the Faculty to a group of girls of whom we are proud. We are grateful not only for the kind words spoken here to-night, but for the many evidences of goodwill which you have given to us through the year, for without goodwill no teacher can succeed.

Education is like mountain climbing. Many stand at the base; and looking up, are afraid to begin, until one courageous individual, leading the way from one dizzy height to the next steadily mounts till, standing at last upon the summit surveys the vast expanse beyond, feels the joy of achievement and knows that the view was worth the effort. He does not remain to enjoy it alone, but makes his way down again to extend a hand to those below. The faculty have struggled upward on the path of knowledge to the end there to see the advantage of a wider mental horizon. Then in their desire to impart that knowledge, as teachers, have guided others from grade to grade, that they, too, may have a broader outlook on life. What is that outlook? Is it a mark on an examination paper, a certificate, a job, a large salary, a life of ease and luxury? Oh no; the aim of education is that undefinable, indestructible thing called culture, an appreciation, of refinement, dignity, self control, and admiration of the kind, the noble and the good, an understanding of the true meaning of good manners: "a sensitive awareness of the feelings of others."

Here I quote the motto:

Look up, not down  
Look forward, not back  
Look out, not in.  
Lend a hand.

"Survival of the fittest," has been called the first law of nature. For example: Here is a beautiful garden where grow, fruits, flowers, vines, and trees, each in its place, when into it comes a huge burdock, crowding the roots and shutting out the sunlight. It does not fit in; it must be cast out, root and branch. So it is in school and in life. Peace and harmony depend upon adjustment to conditions and people around us. Let us ask ourselves, not what has the school done for me, but rather, what have I done for the school? Is it a better school because I am in it? You cannot all be prefects, captains, top of the class, but you can make life pleasant and do your best, to survive does not mean

to follow blindly what others do and say; but to have a mind of your own and a personality true to an ideal.

The senior dinner is a delightful occasion. It comes in the Spring when all Nature is gay. It is a friendly family gathering all our own. The meal is delicious, the tables beautiful and you are lovely. The poet Keats has said:

Truth is Beauty, and Beauty is Truth;

That is all you know and all you need to know.

Here we add one more word - virtue - for without virtue, no person can be lovely.

This is the sunset of the year, but as in all brilliant sunsets, above it hangs a cloud; the seniors are leaving and many others whom we have known and loved through the years. I never like to see a good school breaking up, never to come together again as a group. New names, new faces will come and go; but you will leave a beautiful picture to hang on memory's wall.

They will tell you that it is a wicked world, a dangerous world into which you are entering; but let me close with a quotation from Robert Browning:

Our times are in His Hands, Who said  
The whole I planned;  
You have seen but part: have Faith;  
Trust God; see all; be not afraid.

Thank you

Rena S McDowell



# SOCIAL LIFE



## OCTOBER

### PICKERING DANCE

On October 4th, cold hands and cold feet were the signs of a coming dance. We were expecting the arrival of the boys from Pickering College for the first dance of the year. It took a few Paul Jones and spot dances to get things started, but soon everyone was out on the floor enjoying themselves to the utmost. As always, twelve o'clock rolled around too soon, and there were many protests that the evening had hardly started. But as the lights of the bus faded away, already the girls' thoughts turned to the prospect of a return dance.

### THE HI FI HOP

"C'est si bon, Vive La France" were the comments uttered by all as they gazed at the dining hall which had been transferred into a cafe 'Moulin Rouge'. To one side of it stretched the might Eiffel Tower, and on the other side shapely Parisienne legs appeared to be doing the can-can. Small candles at tables provided a recluse for those who desired to listen to talk or to rest their weary feet.

The music was provided by a stack of platters on our own Hi-Fi. As the Hi-Fi spun the last dreamy song, many ahs and ohs were heard in complaint for the evening had passed so quickly. The Hi-Fi hop had provided a "swinging" beginning for a fun-filled year ahead for all at O.L.C.

## NOVEMBER

Early in November we were hostesses to fifty boys from Trinity College School, Port Hope. The girls enjoyed the evening and memories of the dance will always linger with us.

### BAZAAR

On November 16 at 2:00 o'clock one could journey from the depths of the ocean to the Hapanese shore or from a carnival of today to the 1800's. These were the themes of the Bazaar opened by Evelyn Sunter. The sponsor in the cause was the Student Christian Movement and we salute Betty White, president, and Miss McDowell, faculty advisor.

Competition between the houses produced a keen spirit among the hard-working girls. The afternoon was highlighted by a tea presented by the Home Economic department.

As time flew, the articles disappeared to triumphant purchasers. This bazaar helped the houses add housepoints and further the work of the S.C.M.

#### DONALD DAVIS

One of our Sunday evening guests during the fall was the General Manager of the Crest Theatre, Donald Davis. Mr Davis was also here last year at which time he thrilled those of us who heard him with some scenes from Shakespeare, and plays by other well-known authors. Mr Davis is a well-known actor who, two years ago, acted in the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. This year, on his visit to the school, he spoke about acting, and gave us some moral advice, in the form of a letter which was written in the nineteenth century. We all hope that he will return every year in order to thrill the students.

#### DECEMBER

#### WILSON MacDONALD

Wilson MacDonald, the elderly, contemporary Canadian poet who ranks close to E J Pratt, was another of our guests during the year. He was greeted enthusiastically for the fifth time in ten years, and for nearly two hours of a Saturday evening captivated us with many of his poems. One of the main highlights of the evening was when Evelyn Sunter our Senior Class President, accompanied one of our singing students, Thais MacDonald, in a song which Mr MacDonald composed for Prince Edward Island. He said he will eventually compose a song for each province, but he composed this first, in the hope that some day the island will again be called Abegweit. At the conclusion of the recital he gave us the pleasure of buying his books.

#### CHRISTMAS DINNER

Blinding bulbs and cameras commenced the traditional Christmas dinner. The pompous procession descended the main stairs and proceeded into the dining-room which glowed like an incandescent bulb. A festive spirit filled the air.



As the candle light procession began, the hush over the dining-room was unbelievable. Eating a commendable banquet unveiled everyone's plans for a spectacular holiday. Then a few old Christmas carols filled the air with a warmth never excelled.

When the tension was over, everyone rushed out of the banquet hall to try and find their relatives and friends among the mass of excited people.

## FEBRUARY

### PICKERING DANCE

Valentine's Day marked the occasion of our return dance with Pickering College. Taxied there by our faithful Garton bus, we arrived safely at the College for a very enjoyable evening. The boys were excellent hosts showing us around the school, and making us feel very much at home. Again another twelve o'clock deadline, and as the bus rolled away, there could be heard many happy and contented sighs. At least some of the girls had dates for the formal!

The 6th of February approximately sixty girls went to Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto to see the Ice Follies. The girls enjoyed it very much and it was the topic of conversation for the next week.

The Students of Grade XIII and a couple from Grade XII went to the Crest Theatre to see the play "Thunder Rock". This was of particular interest to the Grade XIII students because they studied that play in their literature course this year. I am sure each one profited by going.

## MARCH

### THE FORMAL

Amidst the glittering stars of the Milky Way couples danced in a dreamland never-to-be-forgotten. Twinkling blue lights danced merrily upon the large face of the grinning moon, and reflected themselves upon the silver trees. Billy Williams and his orchestra played dreamy music which blended perfectly with the mood.

The honour of Queen was given to June McKelvey and her two attending princesses were Elizabeth Elmslie and Donna Marchyn. Choosing the Queen was a difficult task, since every boy saw his date as Queen in his star-filled eyes.

This was the setting of the A.A. At Home which was made possible by the co-operation of all the girls. Much credit also goes to Heather Munro, the A.A. Prefect, in organizing the formal and to Barbara Southern who suggested the theme.

## APRIL

The school choir under the leadership of Dr Osborne, and the student body conducted a service over C B C Network, Sunday, April 12th at two-thirty. When this was first suggested to us it seemed an impossibility but with constant practicing and excellent co-operation we were able to present it. I am sure I speak for every member of the Choir and the Student body when I say we really enjoyed doing it, and it was not as difficult as we thought. It was a new experience to most of us and one we will never forget.

## STUDENTS' RECITAL

As in past years, the students' music recital held this April was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Under the capable direction of Miss Vance and Mr Hallett, the music students from grades one to ten entertained us with familiar melodies and concertos. Included in the program were the three vocal students who added lively contrast to the evening's performance. Our special guest, Mari-Elizabeth Morgen fascinated everyone with her brilliance and her charm. The evening drew to a close amidst long, appreciative applause for all concerned.

## MAY

## SENIOR DINNER

The Senior Dinner, the emotional point of the year was a tremendous success. The privileged who had to make speeches tried to enjoy their meal while butterflies played hide-and-go-seek in their sto-

machs. A sigh of relief and a satisfaction of contributing to the event was the only reward.

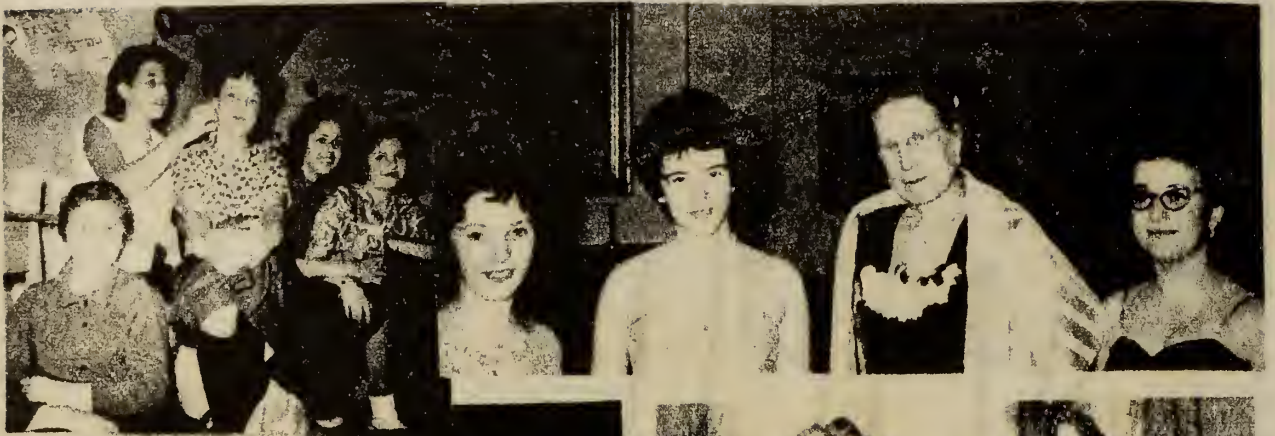
For some it was a joyous occasion. However, for others tears were the only alternative. The seniors now realized that they were at the peak of high school. The hard beaten path of life was just beginning.

The time was here for them to step forward and fulfill the school motto - "Truth, Virtue, Loveliness."



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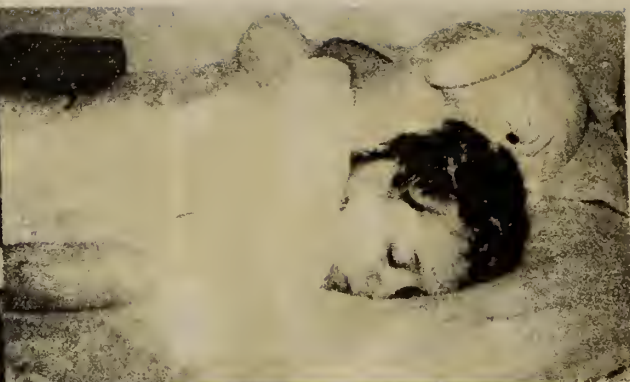




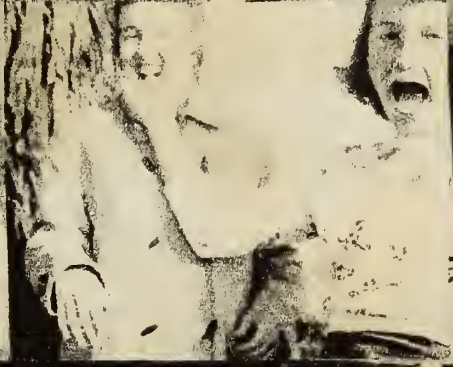
















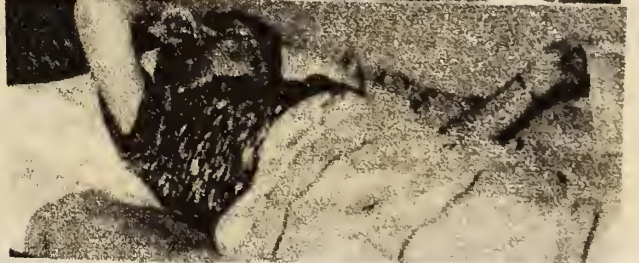
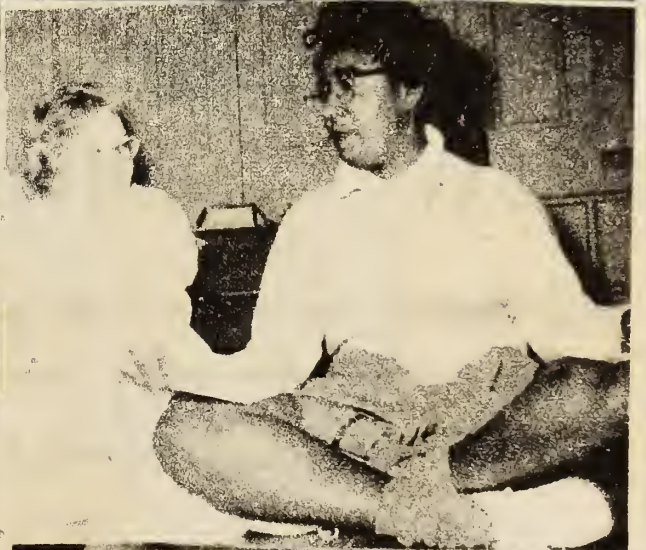














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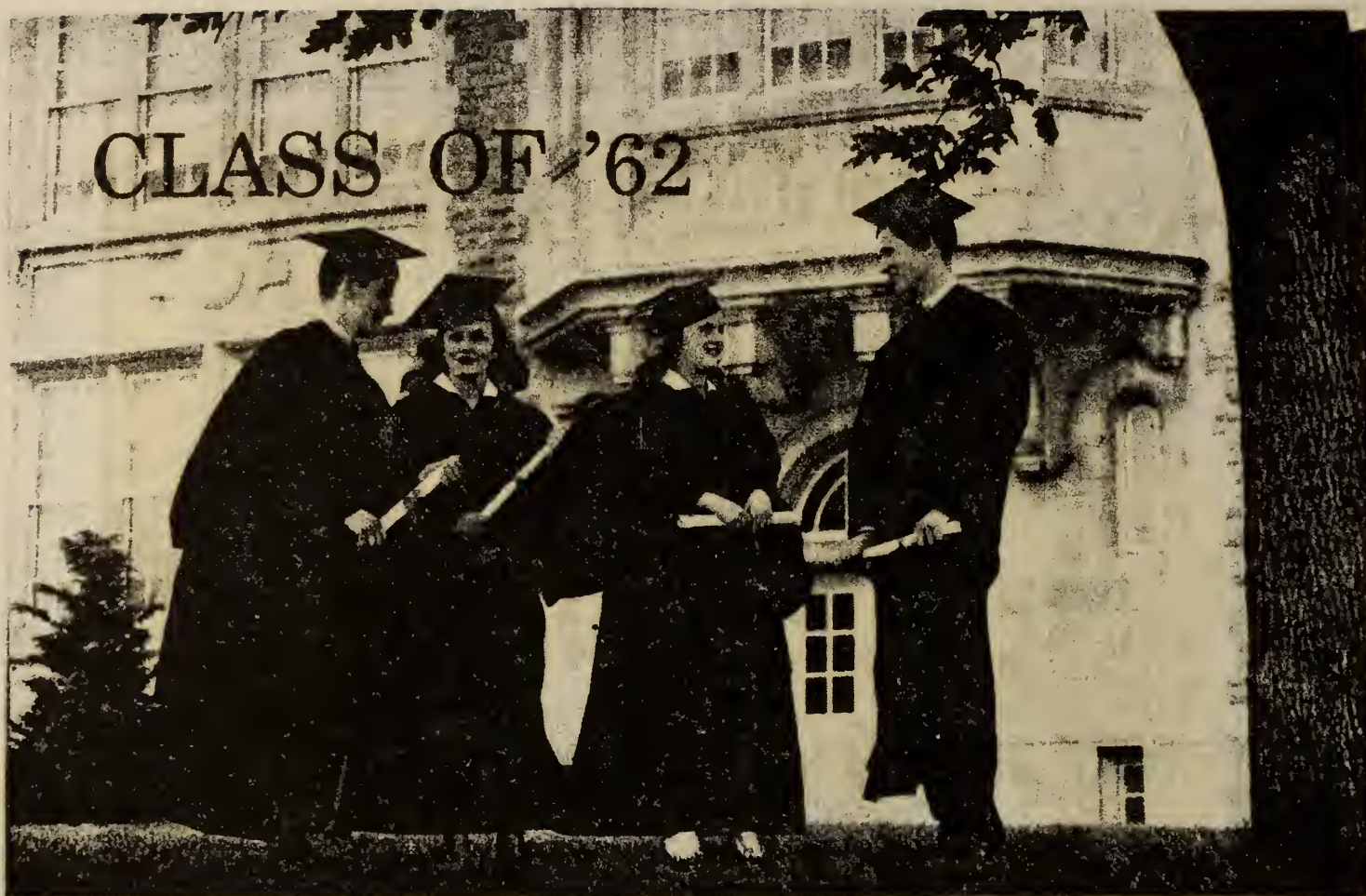
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